

ALBUQUERQUE EVENING HERALD
(Successor to Tribune Citizen.)

A REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER.
IN THE HERALD PUBLISHING CO.

Published every afternoon except
Sunday at 122-124 North Second
street, Albuquerque, N. M.

Entered as second-class matter
March 7, 1911, at the postoffice at
Albuquerque, N. M., under the Act of
March 3, 1879.

One month by mail.....50 cents
One month by carrier.....60 cents
One year by mail.....\$5.00
One year by carrier.....\$6.00

Telephone 87.

NEW MEXICO STATE FAIR.

Indications are favorable for a very successful state fair in Albuquerque in October. The Albuquerque business and professional men who have always stood square behind the fair are behind it more than ever this year. The chief feature of the progress that is being made by the association officers this year, however, outside of the support being given by Albuquerque, is the splendid assurances which are being daily received from various parts of the territory. The present year has been an unusually successful one with the farmers and fruit raisers. The men who have been successful in raising produce and fruit this year are not selfish—they wish others to share their success. They are strong for developing the communities in which they have cast their lot. Realizing that the most successful way of developing a country is by actually exhibiting what has been grown on the soil, the prominent men who live in the various valleys and agricultural communities in New Mexico are arranging to have big displays in the agricultural and horticultural departments at the fall exposition. Progressive citizens throughout the territory, many of them working vice presidents of the association, have written assurances pledging themselves to see that displays are sent to the fair. The Estancia and Willard and Pecos valleys will be well represented. Estancia, Willard, Mountainair, Clovis, Fort Sumner, Artesia, Roswell, Portales and Hagerman are a few of the towns which have already sent in requests for display space.

ANGLO-JAPANESE TREATY REVISION.

The announcement that the treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Japan has been so revised that the clause making it obligatory for Great Britain to come to the assistance of Japan, even if that power were at war with the United States, has been revised so as to eliminate any such possibility, will be gratifying news to the people of the United States. The revised treaty of alliance is to run for ten years, and the original agreement to mutual help in protecting Oriental possessions is continued, but clause two of the former treaty has been so modified as to exempt either party from going to war with a third party with which it might have a general arbitration treaty, even though that third party might be at war with the other nation in the alliance.

The old treaty provided that in the event of either party to the agreement being attacked or its possessions threatened, the other party should at once come to the rescue and make war in common and participate jointly in any negotiations for peace. Under this agreement Great Britain would have been compelled to make common cause with Japan in the event that that country went to war with the United States. British public opinion was strongly opposed to this clause in the treaty of alliance with Japan, and the general arbitration treaty now being negotiated gave the British government a proper pretext to approach Japan with a view to a revision of the terms of the alliance existing between them. It is said that the Tokio government, fearing that there was no possibility of war with the United States, readily agreed to the revision of the alliance, and the clause exempting nations with which either Great Britain or Japan might have a general arbitration treaty was agreed to.

The mere possibility that Great Britain might be compelled to side against us in the event of war with Japan was exceedingly unpalatable to Americans and to people of Great Britain as well. When the original alliance between Great Britain and Japan was entered into it was not deemed within the range of possibility that this country might become embroiled in the far east. Since then our acquisition of the Philippines and other developments have suggested the disagreeable possibility that we might have trouble with an Oriental power. As the British understanding with Japan was negotiated entirely with a view to safeguarding the vast interests of both powers in the far east the discovery that the alliance might have a much more far-reaching

effect proved distasteful to both government and people in Great Britain.

MOROCCO AND THE UNITED STATES.

Agadir is the province of Suez, is on the Atlantic ocean at the southwest corner of Morocco. Germany shows a desire to hold Suez and its copper mines in case Morocco is dismembered. The current statement that the United States has objected to Germany's action should be accepted with caution. The statement is no doubt untrue. Agadir is far from the track of the liners, and it cannot be said to be in the path of European ships going to or from the Panama canal. Vessels sailing from Spain to Brazil would pass near it. It lies within the Madeira Islands, the Canaries and the Azores. No ship going from countries north of Spain to Panama would pass near Agadir.

The United States has small interest in Morocco in any event. It did take part in the Algeciras conference of 1906, and when the convention was signed this country added a disclaimer to the effect that the United States would not be bound to any particular line of conduct in Morocco. To say that this country is threatened by Germany's action at Agadir or that the Panama canal would be dominated by the establishment of a German naval base at far-away Agadir is simply ridiculous. This country cannot be drawn into a European squabble on grounds so thin and remote.

Mark Twain left an estate of a little less than half a million dollars. He like Sir Walter Scott "went broke," and, like Sir Walter Scott, made enough to discharge all his debts and die rich. The cases differ, though, in that Mark Twain lectured as well as wrote to rehabilitate himself financially, whereas Scott relied on his pen exclusively. How much of the fortune that Mark Twain left was earned on the lecture platform and how much with his pen there is probably no way of knowing, but since his value as a lecturer came from the fame of his books, it may be said that he fully disproved the assurance of the funny paragraphs that poverty is the penalty of literary fame.

The theory of the judicial recall is that a people may remove a judge for what it believes to be a wrong decision, and when placed on trial before the whole electorate the merits of the disputed verdict are to form the issue. The practice as seen in the case of Judge Cook of Oregon is that the judge will be fought not only by the attorneys and partisans of the lost cause, but by Republicans because he is a Democrat, by Bryan Democrats because he was a gold Democrat in 1886, and by the "wets" because of his drastic treatment of offenders against the Oregon local option law.

Published in the Herald today is a communication from M. P. Stamm on the paving question in Albuquerque, which is worthy of careful perusal and consideration of all persons interested in this most important phase of the development of the city. Mr. Stamm has been a student of good roads for a number of years and has given the paving proposition, with special reference to Albuquerque, a great deal of thought, consequently his ideas on the subject are valuable.

A shiver went through the country yesterday when an Associated Press dispatch predicted the early retirement from baseball this season of Ty Cobb of the Detroit Tigers. Grove Divine, chief backer of the Tigers in Albuquerque, was going on a vacation tomorrow, but he has postponed it until he learns whether or not Ty is really going to quit the wilderness.

It wouldn't surprise any one if Phoenix, Ariz., would break into the press dispatches soon with a story about Phoenix being a great summer resort. The tale about the old-timer who wore an overcoat winter and summer, and who was discovered dead with a half dozen blankets over him, is too much to believe even from Phoenix.

The New Mexico Elks who held Atlantic City spellbound and charmed the very ocean which bashes its shores have scattered throughout the east, spreading their civilization farther over a vast area of the lost and ruined world.

We have a banker in Albuquerque whose cash always balances to a penny in accordance with his statements. But the fish he brings home from the Upper Perus are generally a good many pounds short of his conversational estimates.

Ad Weigert, champion of chameleons as a pugilist, would make a corking good umpire for some of the big league circuits, where arbitrators have recently been shown various discourtesies by the players.

There are two elements who want to see Dr. Wiley, the poor foot expert, fired from his job. Those who

want his job and those who want to sell sandied groceries.

Hammerstein claims to have discovered three new carousels. We suppose New York will have to credit quite a settlement of monkey houses.

The day of rapid progress is surely here. The rock coat is no longer the sign of a true and real statesman.

Baillinger had his Gladys, Secretary Fisher his Miss Abbott, and Anna Jim Wilson his Dr. Wiley.

John Hays Hammond has returned and his knee breeches and sword presumably came back also.

A hat adorned with white feathers this season would be the height of luxury and extravagance.

"NO KETCHUM CHINEE HE KNOW DAY TOWN"

TELEGRAM HERALD

Parade at Fort Bliss was hot as purgatory. The concrete walk in front of the officers' quarters radiated heat like a metal roof. The trees around the yellow brick houses of the infantry officers furnished no shade from the afternoon sun than a coverless umbrella.

On the shaded porch of Lieutenant X. a quartet sat the lieutenant host a visiting officer from the cavalry camp, three civilians from the city, and young Lieutenant X. not yet out of his rompers.

Lieutenant X. from the excesses of his wicker library chair, cool as the rink of the ice in the glasses the Chinese servant was passing, directed the oriental in the mysteries of concocting a highball. A glass half filled with a crystal of ice, a big bottle colored like a stained glass window and a smaller bottle with its contents sparkling clear.

Each of the porch party received the ingredients from the Chinese boy's tray. All but the cavalry officer, who is known from Shelling to Bliss as a teetotaler.

What is this, Charlie, whisky?" asked the officer.

With a face as stony as a Buddha statue the Chinese answered: "No, sir. No ketchum shakin' here. That's town."

THE DOLLAR AT THE DOOR.

One day a silver dollar sought

A lodgin' in the town.
The cheery ring of silver brought
Intent to settle down.

The fellow it was first to sight
Was one I'm sad to say.

Who did not hasten to invite
The coin in town to stay.

This most unpatriotic man,
Instead of being glad
To aid the dollar in the plan

To help the town it had,

The dollar sent afar to roam

In other regions then.

And never to his town or home
That dollar came again.

Another dollar also came,
But met a man more kind—
A fellow with a different name.

More patriotic mind.

He asked it in, he bade it stay

And help the town to grow;

And never more it roamed away

Or cared afar to go.

From house to house that dollar went

And labored for the good

Of every man to whom 'twas sent

And all the neighborhood.

It helped the farmer's field to till,

To swing the woodman's ax,

To build the church upon the hill

And pay the village tax.

Next time a dollar comes to town

Let's greet it with a cheer.

Don't send it off or turn it down,

But let it settle here—

For every dollar come to roost

In home or farm or store

In one more dollar come to boost

That town a little more!

—Douglas Malloch.

Voice of the People.

Evening Herald:

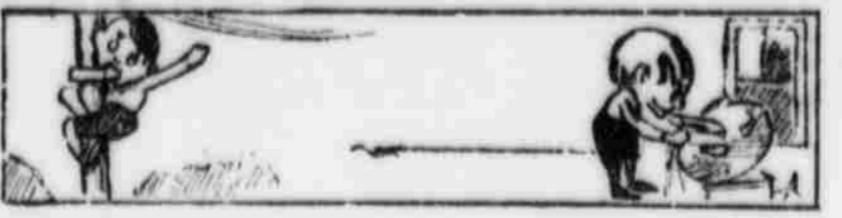
The treatment by the Herald in last night's issue of the petition that was presented to the city council for the guttering and grading of one block about Phoenix being a great summer resort. The tale about the old-timer who wore an overcoat winter and summer, and who was discovered dead with a half dozen blankets over him, is too much to believe even from Phoenix.

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STRANGE AND UNACCOUNTABLE—OR HOW TO BE A BOY.

There is a little boy 6 years old in this town whose father thinks he has an unusual propensity for finding trouble. His father says he will be glad when winter comes, so that the school teacher will have to do the warming.

But perhaps he is about like other boys and his father only notices more times that he gets into trouble.

One day father and mother went away, and thought they could leave a big 6-year-old young man in the house. When they got home he had broken the sitting room window, eaten a napole and strangled two goldfish.

But any little boy could do as well as that.

A little friend of his told him one day that the telephone wires are live. This was rather hard to believe on saying so, so our young friend started to investigate. Papa coming home tired from his work found him way up on a telegraph pole almost within reach of the wires. He had climbed up the pole, to find out if the wires were like dogs and birds and other interesting live things. Papa ordered him very crossly to come down. The wires were high-voltage light wires and if he had touched them he might have come down without being called down.

Simple "calling down" don't seem to do any good.

But when the little boy got hurt at his original kind of play, his papa was just as sorry as could be, and did everything he could to make him well.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF IDLENESS—A PARAPHRASED FROM A HORSE'S CONVERSATION.

I went to church the other day and heard the learned preacher say

The greatest thing on earth's a chance to work.

Of all the facts a-going the one that's most worth knowing

Is this, that it's a shame to toll to shrink.

And he talked about this blessing for an hour while addressing

A congregation of attentive folks.

How labor is salvation, idleness is desperation.

And everything not labor is a horse.

Now it's more blessed all believe to give than to receive.

And if this labor's such a glorious thing,

I decided from that day not to stand in people's way.

To receive the benefits that work will bring.

And when there's work that should be done, I don't tuck it, for one.

And spoil other people's chances to be blessed.

Others' chances it would spoil, so I refrain from toll.

And leave great labor's blessing for the rest.

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FINE FEATHERS DON'T MAKE FINE CATS.

A resident of Silver avenue is a sightful and comely man today.

And all he did was to tar a bottle of ketchup at some ostrich plumes. This touching incident occurred about two o'clock last night. His wife had an idea she would renovate three big black feathers. This is done for the benefit of masculine readers by extracting them (the plumes) with the back of a silver table knife, etc., etc. At any rate, as long as she knew how to renovate ostrich feathers, it's all right, and it is in the least necessary for the purpose of the store to tell how it is done.

But anyway, the plumes were waving gracefully within the screen of a back porch off of the kitchen. They were as black as J. S. rat, and that by the way, is exactly what they looked like when the men who is now comely first saw them.

He thought they were the big Tom cat that has been eating up his little chickens. Incidentally, it might be mentioned a bottle of red sticky ketchup was on the kitchen table—the kind of ketchup one would not ordinarily think of putting on ostrich plumes. But when a person is comely, elemental emotions arise, and things are done that would not have been done calmly and deliberately. Everyone realizes the truth of this assertion, it is hardly necessary to dispute upon it.

But to return to our story. You will remember, gentle reader, that the plumes were waving in the breeze, the man was in the kitchen, and the ketchup was on the table. Lack of space forbids telling exactly how it happened, but at any rate the man, mistaking the plumes for the cat, and being in a rage, threw the ketchup at the plumes, and made an awful mess of them.

We forgot to say that his wife had wanted him to buy her a new plume, and that the mean man had refused. But when he saw how foolish he was, and had spoiled the plumes, he said he would get her some more. Moral: (same as yesterday.)

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